The
COMMONWEAL

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The First Real Fighting of the War

WITH DENMARK Germany had no quarrel —only an agreement for non-aggression. The result of Germany's invasion is to put an end to all discussion of the relative legality of the belligerents' attitude towards neutral countries. Obviously behind all phrases Germany will take any action strategically desirable. As we write we do not know the outcome of the naval action under way in the North Sea and the Skagerrak. But a major arm of German power is exposed for the first time, and no matter what the cost to the Allied fleets, the destruction of a considerable part of German naval power would be an event of high importance. The debate between air power and battleships is being settled for the first time in the history of war. If the conventional supremacy of sea power is maintained, the Germans in Norway are doomed. These days will decide a major phase of the war: they will either establish Germany in Scandinavia with control of Norwegian and Swedish ore and with air bases from which to strike at the British Isles, or the first real opposition to a German move will succeed and the German people will see that their Government's military adventures, whether successful as in Poland, or a costly failure as in Scandinavia, leave them facing a French army which is intact and a war which no diversions can win.

The Armies Remain

Watching the War

THE DAY the Germans entered Copenhagen, the New York *Daily News* ended its comment, with which we are not concerned, as follows: "It is all a highly interesting and exciting spectacle for us to watch—from the bleachers." In the Swiss monthly *Nova et Vetera,* Charles Journet writes of the precariously preserved neutrality of his country: "Our being neutral demands from every individual the highest dignity in personal life. It demands the constant tension of our energies to justify that neutrality by our unselfishness. And above all it demands in every one of us, and in our country as an entity, a heart open to the sufferings of all other peoples." Here are two conceptions of neutrality and, as Americans, we reject the disgusting vulgarity of the first. In our country, largely because of the accident of distance, we are still free to care for our poor and attack the injustices which perpetuate poverty. Looking abroad we are free to work for justice in international relations and free to use with this end in view whatever means the collective wisdom of our people can devise. We are not free to deny responsibility. We are not free to profit by the sufferings of others. We are not free to shut our hearts or the gates of our country to the oppressed and the suffering. Immediately and specifically we are not free to watch a war as sadists watch an execution. When men are dying and we can find no way to stop their dying, it is on our knees we should be and not in the bleachers, for these too easily can resemble the stone seats of the Colosseum from which, indeed, Romans found it interesting and exciting to watch blood flow.

Blood and Sand

Two-Handed Engine

THE PRESS quotes Representative Dies: "Of course, no committee has any right to violate civil liberties or the Bill of Rights. That's sound principle and there's no issue on that, especially when civil rights are being denied throughout the world." A fine endorsement, coming from such a man. What, pray, does Mr. Dies think he has been up to? He would like a bill passed at this session which would, according to the New York *Times,* require "all political organizations having international affiliations to register with the Secretary of State, file lists of their officers and keep their records open to public inspection," and also to file their "true membership lists." Now if Mr. Dies wishes to further such a bill, he is certainly within his rights, although we would strenuously oppose it. Such law is in itself bad, if only because it is so easy to twist it later on and use it against groups not

A Fine Endorsement

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originally intended by its framers. At this late hour, after all that has happened abroad, it is scarcely necessary to point out the terrible threat such legislation holds against Catholics and against any form of Catholic Action, which so easily can be labeled as "political."

But the point here is that, by Mr. Dies's own admission, no such law is presently the law of the land. To act as though it were is to contravene every civil right and to threaten the very foundation of our society: equality before the law and immunity against strange or unnatural or illegal use of the police power. That is exactly what Mr. Dies has been doing. He has had his agents obtain records by using local legislation not within his committee's federal jurisdiction—an actionable offense on the part of those local authorities who are alleged to have been too compliant with his wishes. He has cited for contempt of his committee those who have refused him access to records the privacy of which they believe to be matters of trust. Now the fact that these records relate to Stalinists, for whose ideas and policies we firmly believe that we have even less considered use than has Mr. Dies, does not in the least affect the principles involved. Either such matters are legitimately private, or they are not. If they are not, then all membership lists are subject to publication, and we have all the basic material for a gestapo or a GPU ready at hand for American use. If such a principle is for a second admitted, Catholics and other Christians may be the first to rue the day when they congratulated Mr. Dies for using "strong methods" with communists.

Catholic Schools in America

Expert Statement

EXAMINING the relation between religion and education, the *Atlantic Monthly* has secured a statement of the Catholic viewpoint from the expertly qualified pen of the Reverend George Johnson, director of the department of education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference and Associate Professor of Education at the Catholic University. Non-Catholic readers will find Dr. Johnson's lucid exposition an especially helpful lead to a subject which seems bound to occupy more and more public attention. Beginning with the Catholic ideal of education as a complete preparation for life, he shows the central and vitalizing place of religion in that ideal: "It is not regarded as just one branch in the curriculum. It is the foundation, the heart and soul, of all other disciplines." He points to the schools erected and maintained by the voluntary support of the Catholic body, and manned by the teaching orders without pay, as "the most substantial and dramatic act of faith in education that is being made by any section of the American populace."

Dr. Johnson considers the typical criticisms of the parochial school disinterestedly, and concludes in a way that carries conviction that they have no substantial merit; that the scholastic results in Catholic schools are not inferior, and that there is no real danger of separatism, since our population everywhere mingles so freely. He concedes at once that lack of funds limits the parochial school's facilities for helping the handicapped, and for vocational training; and this he refers directly to the whole question of state aid for religious schools. If the Supreme Court was right in the Oregon Case, if, in Dr. Johnson's words, "the child belongs to his parents before he belongs to the state," then it will be hard for any reader to resist his further contention that "it is the function of the state to assist the home to perform adequately its educational function, not to supplant it. . . . Other countries as zealous for democracy and religious freedom as ours are supporting religious schools out of the public funds." Doubtless this will come to pass here very slowly, for it is not an ideal that applies to Catholic schools alone, and it must wait on particular awakenings and developments.

The Socialist Convention

Small Enough to Be Frank

WE WOULD LIKE to say simply that we are glad Norman Thomas is running for the fourth time as Socialist candidate for the Presidency. We cannot accept the theory of socialism, which mistakes a technique for an end and makes that end too immediate, limits the aim of man to a material conception of happiness, creates an order limited to this world and this means binding man to despair. We reject socialism, but when we are not measuring ideals and philosophies and when we consider practical politics in a country which, as a whole, is Christian mainly by cultural habit, the American Socialist Party is a party we respect. Consistently it has followed its own logic of patient education and democratic procedure in the face of that impatient and utilitarian perversion of socialist principle which is communism. To a great extent it has done the thinking for other parties. It has provided a considerable number of honest and able administrators, such as Dan Hoan of Milwaukee, for municipalities in various sections of the country. For many years the Socialist vote has been an effective protest vote against local corrupt politics. It is an old fashioned party with a conscience. Socialist logic sometimes is difficult to follow, and the spectacle of the delegates at the Convention voting the most extreme isolationist platform and then singing the Internationale is perhaps a little comic. But when Mr. Thomas was interviewed on the air after his nomination, we admit we were deeply moved by one of his

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remarks. He was asked if he did not feel encouraged by the thought that the Russian-German Alliance, disillusioning many communists, would bring numbers of them into the Socialist Party, and his answer was as profoundly non-political as it was Christian. He said: "No decent party can ever profit when the hopes and mistakes and folly of men bring them to catastrophe."

Negro Health

UNDER this heading *Time's* current issue performs a public service in describing vividly for all to read and understand a problem which has long deeply concerned public health authorities: the terrific incidence of sickness among American Negroes. Tuberculosis and syphilis are the chief offenders. The former arises directly from bad living conditions: overcrowding and poor food. The latter could be stopped dead in its tracks if there were enough clinics, physicians, educational work. The Negro health picture is just what one would expect of a race that remains, generally speaking, at the bottom of the economic heap. Much can, of course, be done by self-sacrifice and devotion on the part of scantily paid doctors and nurses; more could be done by bigger government appropriations. But once again it is apparent that the health of Negroes is merely a part of the more general problem of race relations, and is inseparable from it. So long as Negroes are on the whole poorer than whites, so long as the hospitals and medical and nursing schools of the country discriminate against colored doctors and colored nurses, we can expect the health of Negroes to be in a sorry state. The additional tragedy, for which whites are responsible, is the undermining of the Negroes' confidence in their race's intellectual capacity, which makes the job of the colored doctor and nurse doubly and needlessly difficult. This tragedy is all the more poignant in that those best informed are agreed that if there is any difference in aptitude between the races, the advantage in both nursing and practice lies with the Negro.

Poverty Breeds Disease

Birds and Game, Fenceposts and Firewood

IN THE myriad of projects instituted in the past seven years, it is not surprising to find a few that should be beyond politics. They are socially constructive, long-range and in the long run self-liquidating. To abandon them for the sake of economy or heavier armaments would be nothing short of criminal. This applies to shelterbelts, which defeat the scourge of soil erosion, the greatest menace of the prairies. There are now 17,000 of them in 6 states from North Dakota to Texas, with 7,000 more planned immediately in the same areas; 120,000 acres of the 1,500,000 contemplated have been planted. According to *Business Week* a typical belt would run east and west for a half mile or a mile and would be 90 feet wide. Each belt is streamlined, with the highest trees, often cottonwoods, on the inside to lift dust-blowing winds 20 times the height of these tallest trees. Shrubs serve as outside rows; smaller trees come next. In addition to diverting and slowing down winds that carry soil, seed and snow and the hot winds that fire crops, these trees prevent soil evaporation. They have attracted swarms of insect-eating birds, flocks of small game and provide wood for all sorts of useful farm purposes. All this at a cost of four cents per acre to the government, three cents to the farmer. And one shelterbelt acre protects at least twenty more. To discontinue such a program would be sheer folly.

17,000 Shelterbelts

Science at Her Best

IT WAS Chesterton that sang of a railroad-builder that "gave good grass and water in pails to a thousand Irishmen hammering rails." The magnate came to grief because of this act; but that may have been only because he was ahead of his age. At any rate, the American Chemical Society has quietly announced a new wonder in food discoveries which goes far toward justifying him. As a result of researches carried on for a considerable time in the laboratories of Kansas City, it appears that science is on the way to utilizing for humanity certain of the tremendous alimentary values of the common green covering of the earth, that plants itself and grows uncared for. From the beginning of recorded history, cattle and sheep have furnished proof that grass has in it almost all the elements of a perfect food, but it has thus far not been possible to make it a human food: it simply resists the human apparatus. These current experiments have apparently at last established a method of rendering the vitamins of grass available to man, by rapid superheating. Moreover, they have developed data regarding the abundance of these vitamins which would be dismissed as exaggerated fancies if they were less reputably vouched for. Vitamin A is about 280 times as abundant; the nerve vitamin B-1, from 10 to 20 times as abundant; while nicotinic acid (anti-pellagra), ruboflavin (the skin-growth factor), and the anti-scurvy and fertility vitamins also have very high ratings. The prepared grass is not suggested as a substitute for food, but as a tremendous enhancer of its health-giving properties, and it is projected for a moderate cost within reach of all. We grow a little apathetic at the wonders of science, perhaps; but here is a discovery that deserves an especially respectful salute.

Eating Grass

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Europe and the Federal Idea

By Jacques Maritain

AT THE SAME TIME as I thank THE COMMONWEAL for having asked me to prepare for it the present article, I should like as well to thank those who had the courtesy to criticize my previous articles—for criticisms are always useful to a writer, even if all they do is to warn him that it is often very difficult to make one's self understood—and also those who had the charity to come to my defense, particularly Mr. William O'Meara and Mr. W. H. Gharrity, to whom I am particularly grateful for having restated the truth on the one point which truly hurt me in Mr. Kelly's article. For I must confess that to a person who has always considered as a sign of barbarism the concept that war is a normal means for realizing political ends, who deeply felt the coming of the present European war as an apocalyptic evil, and who has a great number of friends now threatened with death among the very flower of that youth in which he rested his hope, the accusation of having "an enthusiasm for this war" is difficult to bear. Mr. Kelly was certainly acting in good faith when he made this accusation against me. But I should like him to know that it caused me pain as an unjust injury.

There are other men of good faith, and among them ardent and well-intentioned Christians, with whom I should like some day to discuss true and false pacifism and to attempt to clear away a number of misunderstandings. I do not intend to do so in this article. It is dedicated to another subject—the question of the structure of Europe after the war.

Remote origins, determining cause, ends

I have said that generally in the more or less remote origins of a war everyone must share in the guilt, and yet that this war, because of its determining cause, can be called just for one of the belligerent parties.

As far as the more or less *remote origins* of the present war are concerned, I am far indeed from defending the Treaty of Versailles, and subsequent French, British and indeed American activities; but I also am very much aware that Germany had a heavy responsibility—I do not say precisely for signing a treaty which she might judge impossible of execution, since she found herself forced to do so—I say that Germany had a heavy responsibility in that she did not undertake to try in good faith, until arriving at unsurmountable obstacles, to execute the treaty she had signed; and in that, on the contrary, from the outset she exerted all her will to nullify that treaty; which was in effect to continue the war in larval fashion and to seek a way out by constantly making worse the condition of Europe. And I know that greater yet, incomparably greater, has been the responsibility toward Europe of the totalitarian dictatorships and of the Hitlerian dream of achieving glory and greatness by the unlimited use of destruction and violence.

As far as the *determining cause* of the present war is concerned, I am convinced that on the Allied side this cause is just, for it consists essentially in saying "No!" to an unbridled will to universal enslavement and to aggression against everything which makes human life worthy of being lived, just as much for the unfortunate population of Germany as for all other peoples.

Finally we have not only to consider the cause which has unleashed a war. The *final end* for which it is waged, in other words the nature of the peace to achieve which war has been declared, has also a decisive importance. I can very easily understand that after the disappointments of the last twenty years, American opinion is concerned and troubled by that question. Might I point out that it is surely ill-advised to require peoples who have been forced into a war that they do not want and hurled by a torrent of historic forces which the intelligence of man has not been able to encompass into a catastrophe where their very existence is at stake—to require such peoples to have made ready in advance a complete set of blueprints and specifications for that which is to follow this war, as though one were requiring an architect to supply the plans for a house which he, with due deliberation, has undertaken to build. All that one can require of a government in such a situation is that its general purpose shall tend in the direction of a just and humane peace—in other words, a true peace. And I do not believe that from this point of view the repeated statements of the Allied governments, and notably the favorable reception they gave the five points set forth by the Pope, can be regarded as equivocal.

Individual citizens, however, are not obliged to be as cautious as those who are officially responsible for the destiny of peoples. By examining and discussing what types of solution seem in themselves the most desirable, such individuals have an opportunity to foresee misunderstandings which, if they were allowed to become established in public opinion, would greatly damage the future peace.

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As far as I am concerned, I have already stated my position on this subject in several articles published in France. The ideal end to which we must direct ourselves is, in my opinion, a federal solution, applied equally to Europe and to Germany. I know that when one talks about a federal organization of Europe one lays oneself open to the accusation of taking refuge in utopias and of counting one's chickens before they are hatched; and I understand perfectly well that no man can know now whether the conditions which will in fact exist in the world at the end of the present war will then permit such a solution to prevail. But I also know that that which distinguishes a man from an animal is that he can set himself ends for his actions and that he tries to take thought about his own history. Although every great idea can become a catchword for unsound minds, the federal idea is in itself something more than a mere slogan: the example of the United States is sufficient to prove that for us.

The present war is not simply a national war. Nor is it simply a war for policing purposes either. For the *élite* of rackeeters of whom this war seeks to rid both the world and the German people did not spring into power all at once by a pure, rootless chance. They were able to come to power as a result of and as a punishment for a long succession of aberrations. This is a war of civilization.

People are not wrong when they say that in the many-visaged flaming fire into which have been hurled Poland, France, England, Finland, Denmark, Norway, the problem is to save Christian civilization. That is precisely true, on condition that we understand two things. First we must understand that the very existence of a Christian civilization is equally threatened by the national socialism of Hitler and by the communism of Stalin, or rather by the kind of national bolshevism in which these two plagues tend to blend together and in which the Hitlerian evil truly enjoys, at least for the time being, a greater historic power than the Stalinist evil, because the former is inflicted upon a more dynamic and better organized people and because under it the art of corrupting and destroying the interior life of man is better perfected. Second we must understand that the Christian civilization we are concerned to save must be truly *made over*.

A Christian civilization is founded upon justice, and justice in this case is not an abstract pseudo-justice, warped by the illusion that men are angels and leaving us without protection against the well-heeled forms of injustice. This justice is a true justice, concrete and real and efficient; this justice has sanctions and takes into consideration the efficient conditions arising from the historic past of peoples, from their collective temperament, from their good qualities and their bad qualities, from their needs. Finally charity, which is the soul of Christianity, gives strength and stability to that proper understanding of compassion and of the love of one's neighbor, without which justice can only go half way and without which politics remains blind to its own deepest interests. In the encyclical "E Supremi Apostolatus," Pius XII has in masterly fashion indicated the main outlines of the Christian civilization which will have to be made over after the historic settlements that are taking place in our time. With this idea of a true Christian civilization inspiring us, we must, if we do not despair of the future of the world, attempt to examine the special problems arising from the war.

The federal solution

At the very outset we should exclude two erroneous notions. The first notion consists in wishing to dismember Germany punitively in order to keep her by force in a permanent state of disastrous dissension and in a state not conformable to the conditions normal for the life of peoples. And the second notion consists in entrusting the peace of the world and the future of civilization to a Germany which has merely been freed of Hitler, but which remains either Nazi or Pan-German, and entrusting that peace to the political forces which have led Germany to the position where she is at present, whether those forces be manifested in the persons of field marshals or of Prussian royalty.

It would also be illusory to suppose that at the end of the war the entire planet could enter into a federal régime which would forever guarantee universal peace. Those who spread such ideas doubtless have the satisfaction of thinking that there is no limit to the generosity of their own desires; they do not realize that by flattering people with too fine hopes, at the end, when these same people will be disappointed, one has created the perfect excuses for cynicism and war. That after the present catastrophe is finished one continent—Europe—should have decisively committed itself to the attempt to work out a federal union is already an end sufficiently hard to attain, and an end which already needs every energy of men of goodwill. It is a great and difficult thing to rise above the state of rivalry and opposition in which the misery of their natural condition places men, and to establish a régime of federal union among nations. For this, definite, concrete conditions are necessary. The economic inter-dependence of peoples is only one of these conditions or, if you prefer, of these material bases; and it alone would be altogether insufficient. A common past is necessary and common memories, even memories of conflicts and battles. A common idea of the general ends of political life and of the common task to be undertaken is needed—in brief a common idea and a common spirit of civilization.

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The very horror which is excited in the soul by a a fratricidal war can be the occasion, if the forces of intelligence, of goodness, of renewal, are aroused and prevail, for men to become aware of this common spirit. That is why, however difficult the task may be, one can and one must hope for the coming of a federal Europe. As for the entire world, it is not reasonable to hope for a régime of federal union, but only for a system of juridical relations guaranteed by international institutions and by some machinery of arbitration.

Even in the early days of September, 1939, I wrote that Western civilization *is* already saved. By this I meant that the first sign of this salvation had already become manifest. The peoples, whose silent testimony of sacrifice and courage is more important than anything else, the peoples of France and of England showed in those very days that Western civilization has not denied itself, has preserved its reason for existence. In the same paper I added that we have no illusions as to the price, the length of time, the ruination and the suffering which this salvation threatens to cost.

This war, which began like a thief in the night, as though ashamed of itself and as though afraid to show all at once its monstrous strength, must be considered as one of the principal phases in a liquidation involving several centuries of history. No sensible European imagines that after it things can continue *as they were before*. Perhaps in America, simply because of geographical distance, public opinion does not appreciate fully the depth and extent of this phenomenon, which goes to the roots of civilized existence. In a word, everything will have to be built up anew. The advent of a European federal union is only one of the tasks which will confront us: related as it is to renewals in the spiritual order and in the social order which are more important in themselves, this task is necessary in a particularly obvious way, because every man has certainly had his fill of a situation which makes out of peace a mere succession of truces, of shorter and shorter duration, between hellish wars.

An idea valid for Europe

For a long time it looked as though Great Britain was making a principle out of a kind of political insularity, and this seemed to believers in European federation to be a major obstacle. The fact that today it is the English who are the first to push the federal idea and that the will to remake Europe should characterize so many English minds indicates an historic change of capital importance.

Other major obstacles exist, of which one of the most important is the totalitarian philosophy of enslavement and Hitler's dream of universal empire. The victory of the Western powers will result, I firmly hope, in their disappearance. It would have been criminal and foolish to provoke the war with the idea of establishing a federal régime, or any other political rearrangement, however good in itself. But since the war is here, since it was imposed on free peoples against their will, since they were forced into it to resist an unjust aggressor, they most certainly have the right to desire that their sacrifices and their sufferings bring about the establishment of a better order; and in the political realm, nothing seems more important for such an order than the establishment of a European federal régime.

The dynamic concept of cooperation of a federal kind, which would turn the constructive energies of the peoples of Europe toward the accomplishment of a common task, can and should be opposed to the dynamic false concept of Nazi imperialism. It is not a thing which is merely desirable, like a work of supererogation; it is an urgent necessity, involving the outcome of events directly, that this concept should be ardently urged upon all the peoples of the world, and particularly upon the German people itself. Of course, it would be peculiarly premature and imprudent, in the present state of affairs, to propose a ready-made plan of reconstruction. Yet one can grant that one of the material bases for such a concept already exists—I am thinking of the organically international nature of modern economic life—and that economic techniques have advanced further than the spirit and political thought in preparing concrete ways in which to work. The measures of military and economic unity which great States like France and England have had to undertake, at the expense of their own national sovereignties, in order to carry on the war serve as beginnings, as still vague intimations, of what may perhaps later be realized. And they make it possible for us to foresee the sort of common organisms, which could later be created for the good of the peace that a federal union among all the countries of Europe would decisively guarantee on this continent.

But we must not deceive ourselves as to the importance of the changes which all this requires. Throughout modern times the States which are the heirs of medieval Christendom have never ceased jealously claiming (and first of all as against spiritual authority) the privileges of a sovereignty which they finally made absolute, and of which the totalitarian dictatorships of Moscow and Berlin present to us, in a bloody mirror, the horrible and ultimately developed reflection. It is this claim to absolute sovereignty which will have to be renounced. A solution of a federal kind implies that the States will have to abandon certain of the real prerogatives of their sovereignty for the benefit not, of course, of a super-State but of superior and strictly defined jurisdictions relating to their common fields of activity and to the com-

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mon good of the federation as a whole. In that which concerns military organizations especially, it seems clear that in order to be really efficacious, the federal union we are discussing will require not only the abolition of obligatory military service and of conscription, already urged by Benedict XV at the end of the last war, and a general reduction in armaments, but the setting up of a federal European army or police force—at the every outset and as a minimum, in certain armed branches of major importance like aviation.

Truly our times require a complete recasting of the modern idea of the State and of the relations between States. While they would enter, when they federate, an institutionally organized international community, the States would have to admit a relative autonomy greater than that which exists today to the smaller internal communities, the "regional fatherlands" at present contained within them. For it would be fundamentally necessary, in order to ward off all danger of totalitarianism, that a proper pluralism (substituted for the state worship which besets our times) insure an equilibrium by counterbalancing the centralization required, in their own sphere, by the techniques of international organization. Finally it would be necessary to get rid of two principles which both belong to the age of revolutionary bourgeois individualism: the principle of "nationality" understood in the absolute sense defined by the theorists of the nineteenth century; and the principle of non-intervention.

To erect into a principle of public law—a principle constantly violated, moreover, but violated in a hypocritical fashion—that under no circumstances may a state trouble itself about what goes on in other states, even in order to remove the scourges or the iniquities of which their populations are the victims, is, in effect, to provide an excuse for freeing one's self from the obligations of justice and of charity. It is, of course, true that it is very difficult to keep intervention in the affairs of another state (even if that intervention does not serve as a mask for Machiavellian schemes of war and of conquest) within the bounds of justice and have it really serve the best interests of that other people. The federal system does away at once with the principle of non-intervention and with the fearsome risks involved in arbitrary intervention.

Then again to wish to make the "State" a mere carbon copy of the racial "Nation" is a materialist dream. The *"Nation,"* which exists on a biological or pseudo-biological plane, is one of the material bases of political life. Above it we must recognize the *cultural heritage* as having higher value (and it can be common to several ethnic groups), and higher still we must recognize the *State,* the "civitas," which exists on the truly political level, and which (so long as it takes account of the legitimate aspirations of its constituent peoples and so long as it is returned to proper proportions) can gather in its unity different "Nations" and even different cultural heritages. (And the State can also, and in fact should, be willing to leave outside its unity the areas of those cultural heritages and of those "Nations" which happen to belong to the political unity of other States.) Thus it is peoples and States—not "Nations"—which, agreeing to the limitations of sovereignty we have discussed should go to make up a federal organization. (*To be continued*)

Onager

He trampled Bahram's unremembered grave
When he fled the hunters on the Persian plain,
Escaped them in the salt-choked Caspian marshes,
Eluded their horses in the folds of hills,
In the shadow of rain.

Silvery hides marked with vestigial stripes,
Small females of his breed, subdued, gave milk
To fill the perfumed bath of Nero's wife,
The dark Poppaea, merciless and vain,
With a skin of milk.

Bearing a turbaned man and a dark-faced boy
Past a blue and ruined mosque at dusk,
One of his small red kindred walks where mist
Flows like a river down a stony street
Scented like musk.

Men tamed his brothers in the Holy Land
(Long ago one bore a God upon his back).
Egyptians tethered them along the Nile,
And Moorish conquerors led them into Spain,
Each with a pack.

Colonials herded them in boats with sails,
Took them across high seas to bear new loads.
(How like an Asian scene an Indian father
And his small brown son on a burro's back, homebound
On New World roads.)

And men pursued him in the salty swamplands,
In the sterile Persian hills, on the desolate plain.
Holding obsidian arrows none eludes
Forever, the ultimate Stalker overtook him,
And he fled in vain.

From his skin gloves are cut for the pampered hands
Of elegant women, gloves made with mochetto
Dyed to recall the shadowed gold mirage
Of the Asian desert, mirage of his life captured
In a sewn libretto.

Fine shoes are made of his skin, and a shagreen drum
That throbs his knell (beat of pursuing hoofs).
Dark hunter of untamed ones in the yellow desert,
Fling a fresh rose on the slain one's whitening skull,
And its reproofs.

IRMA WASSALL.

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Group Health Association Now

The legal battle between the AMA and cooperative group practice goes on.

By T. Swann Harding

BY THIS TIME a few people may wonder what has become of Group Health Association, Inc., of Washington, D. C. (hereinafter GHA), and what, if anything, it has accomplished. It still exists. It has today the largest membership in its history. It is operating in the black and, what is much more important, it is run on sound economic principles. Its staff and its quarters have both been enlarged, and its legal status is now completely clarified by court decisions holding that it has every right to operate as it does.

So obstructive was the Medical Society of the District of Columbia (hereinafter MS) with the aid of its parent, the American Medical Association, that the Department of Justice brought suit against the medical societies and certain physicians for conspiracy to violate the anti-trust laws. The district court ruled the suit invalid. The Supreme Court refused to consider the matter until the circuit court of appeals had acted on it. Now the circuit court has found the suit valid, and there the matter rests for the moment.

Now let us consider why the medical associations objected to GHA in the first place. GHA began operations November 1, 1937. It was a consumer cooperative formed by certain employees of the executive branch of the Federal Government in order to provide themselves and families with fairly complete medical service on a monthly payment plan. The monthly payments were to be pooled to pay a salaried medical staff and such aids as it needed. A Federal grant of $40,000 equipped the original clinic and started the venture off.

The services provided include medical and surgical examinations and treatments in the clinic, at home, or in the hospital; laboratory tests; eye and X-ray examinations; confinements, house calls, surgical operations; also hospitalization for 21 days for any one illness, with a maximum of 42 days per year per person. Hospitalization includes general nursing, use of operating or delivery room, services of an anesthetist, routine laboratory examination, ordinary medication and bandages. Prescriptions and drugs are supplied by the GHA pharmacy at reduced prices.

What objections did the medical societies raise to all this? They objected (1) that GHA did not cater to the indigent, which it never intended to do in the first place. (2) They held that GHA would break down in an emergency or general epidemic, which would be true of all organized medical services. (3) They said that payments were to be made by members as a check-off from their Government salaries, which was never even contemplated, much less done by GHA.

The somewhat more reasonable objections made by the medical societies were that: (4) The GHA system would encourage malingering because medical care was prepaid; (5) GHA would not give unrestricted free choice of physicians to its members; (6) GHA could not provide a competent medical staff because, if doctors had a regular income, they became lazy and worthless; (7) GHA gave only limited services, not a complete medical service; (8) GHA could not be maintained at the rates initially charged but (9) it was destined to succeed so tremendously that it would practically abolish the private practice of medicine in the District of Columbia.

Are objections valid?

How valid were these objections? The first three, as we have seen, were either nonsensical or simply based on ignorance.

Objection 4 has not materialized; malingering has not been encouraged by GHA.

As to objection 5, GHA gives choice of physicians among those it employs, and the voluntary decision of a member to join constitutes a choice of the group's physicians on the member's part. Furthermore, members of the group tend to choose a physician as "theirs" and to adhere to him pretty closely. However, when other doctors on the staff take over, as they must in emergencies, the patient's full medical history is right there to guide them. Questions do not have to be asked all over again and there is strict continuity of therapy. It must also be remembered that the indigent today have no choice of physician whatever; they take what they can get. The average citizen on an average salary can exercise little choice of physicians; he must have one nearby and one he can afford to pay.

As to objection 6: all intelligent physicians openly admit that many doctors are incompetent. Organized medicine itself and medical journals

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repeatedly state this. Consequently the average citizen, exercising free choice of doctors, is quite likely to pick a likable but incompetent doctor. The GHA staff is carefully selected by physicians —not by laymen—men who can accurately assay their professional qualifications. In consequence the average competence of the doctors is higher than that of those in private practice.

Objections 7, 8 and 9 may be considered together. It is true that GHA gives only a limited, not a complete, medical service. But it gives a great deal more service of a higher quality than the members could possibly buy for their money in any other way. It is true that it could not be maintained at the rates initially set up, nor has it succeeded so signally that it menaces the private practice of medicine in the District of Columbia.

GHA had no desire to demolish the private practice of medicine in the District anyway. It was, however, started off by a group of economic optimists who imagined that the small fees originally charged would perform miracles. They found that the age of such miracles is past. Hence the fees were increased and medical examinations of applicants were instituted. Naturally such examinations should have been made from the very start.

The original fee schedule was set up in almost complete indifference to factual evidence then available showing that fees so low could not possibly maintain the service promised. Any small, voluntary medical group of this sort must charge higher fees than would be required for a universal system of state medicine, simply because it works with an unrepresentative sample of the population as a whole, and the risks are not spread sufficiently widely to permit lower fees.

At present a single member of GHA pays $2.20 monthly and a spouse can come in for $.80 a month more. Another $1 a month pays for all dependent children under 18; dependents between 18 and 21 pay $1 each; dependents over 21 pay $2.20. There is a fee of $1 for the first house call in each illness, but none thereafter, and $25 is charged for confinement cases.

Applications must be accompanied by a fee of $5 for the member and $1 for each dependent. The membership fee is $10, payable at a rate of $1 a month, and is transferable. Applicants already in need of costly medical services may join but only subject to certain restrictions. Certain sufferers from chronic ailments have to pay small additional costs and the following services are not included: dental service; brain and nerve surgery; deep X-ray and radium therapy; tuberculosis; insanity; drug addiction, or alcoholism. The venereal diseases are treated at a very small charge per treatment, about 50 cents.

Should the GHA do better? Our best basis for comparison will be to consider the doctors' own prepayment health plan, formulated but yet to be instituted by the District of Columbia medical society, and called the Mutual Health Service (hereinafter MHS) of the District of Columbia. The MS gets out propaganda folders describing the projected service. These are entitled "Another Step in Medical Progress" and they intimate that the doctors initiated this plan all of their own volition.

Mutual Health Service

Actually the Washington doctors got busy and formulated the MHS plan simply because they were afraid GHA would be so successful as to run a lot of private practitioners out of business. Hence people who may benefit from the MHS plan will owe that benefit indirectly to the GHA. In their booklets the physicians say they just had to formulate the MHS plan to care for "unmet" medical needs. Yet officials of the medical societies consistently testified there were no unmet medical needs when they appeared against the Wagner Health Bill before a Senate committee!

The final part of the booklet is also entitled "Another Step in Medical Progress" and intimates that the doctors were so agitated over this complex problem of giving more adequate medical care that they just had to start the MHS plan. However, the sacred physician-patient relationship must be maintained by all means—each subscriber to such a plan must continue to have his family physician.

Intelligent people are aware, of course, that since so large a part of our population subsists somehow on an annual income of $750 or less, the sacred physician-patient relationship simply does not exist in most cases. Furthermore our best doctors now say that patients should have the physicians they need, not just those they happen to like personally. Hence at Mayo Clinic, and similar institutions, you get not a family doctor, but a perfectly competent physician or specialist who is an entire stranger to you. As Dr. Hugh Cabot has often pointed out in his public addresses, this plan works admirably for the patient's benefit.

All this talk about the physician-patient relationship on the part of doctors mainly intimates the extent to which they are out of touch with the times. Doubtless they are perfectly sincere in bringing the matter up, but that they do so indicates their tendency to talk in terms of traditional formulas rather than in terms of facts and reality.

How about MHS?

Now let us examine MHS in the light of the objections made by the MS to GHA.

First the plan offers medical services in any one subscription year only up to $250 worth for a single person, $350 for husband and wife, and

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$450 for a family. The respective subscription fees are $1.50, $2.50, and $3.50 per month, with a registration fee of $1 an application. Unmarried children or legal wards under 18 are covered in. But subscribers must pay for the first medical services rendered in any one year up to the amount of $6, if single, or $12 if the subscription covers two or more.

Obviously this plan does not cater to the poor either. It also would break down in an emergency. If prepayment encourages malingering, it would encourage malingering quite as much as GHA. It does not give free choice of doctor, as only about 600 of the District of Columbia's approximately 1,650 doctors signed up to cooperate in it. These doctors are of uneven and often uncertain competence.

Plans like that of GHA and MHS both cater to individuals receiving annual incomes of $2,000 or more. In fact MHS limits itself strictly to single persons with annual incomes not in excess of $2,000, to married couples with combined incomes of less than $2,500 and to family groups with combined incomes not in excess of $2,500, plus $200 per year for each dependent.

GHA's experience has demonstrated that relatively few families on annual incomes of $1,800 or less feel they can afford to pay the required fees. Still more obviously MHS does not cater to folk in the lower-income brackets. This fact it discovered before it really got in effective operation and it already talks of raising its top salary limits to make the plan more attractive to prospects. So far no group has embraced the opportunity to put the plan into active operation.

Does the MHS offer a complete medical service, since the medical societies denounced GHA for not doing so? We look in the booklet and find a subhead reading "Exclusions." Thereunder we find:

> Treatment of the following diseases is not provided for by the [Mutual Health] Service, and will not be rendered, unless waived by the Medical Service Committee: Mental Illness, Epilepsy, Feeble Mindedness, Pulmonary Tuberculosis, Syphilis, Gonorrhea, Chancroid, Alcoholism, and Narcotic Drug Addiction.

Hence MHS, child of organized medicine itself, gives a limited and not a complete medical service to its fee-paying members. The exclusion of the venereal diseases in this enlightened age when so much intelligent effort is being devoted to their diagnosis, treatment and eradication, is especially inexcusable. The fact that GHA treats them at very low rates, while the doctors' own plan entirely excludes them, is an ironical commentary upon the social vision of medical societies.

Over all, the medical societies pretended to find the monthly fee charged by GHA most obnoxious. Yet the booklet describing MHS says it offers "the convenience of low monthly subscription fees plus the right to choose your own physician." Members are told to maintain the physician-patient relationship by naming their "family physician" when applying for membership.

But MHS cannot guarantee that the prospective member's family doctor will cooperate in its plan. Furthermore, as recent surveys have shown, only a fraction of families in the income class indicated have family doctors these days. As to the "low monthly subscription fee," if it is bad for GHA, it is bad for MHS. Actually it is bad for neither. What has happened is that, in order to fight consumer medical cooperatives like GHA, the medical societies have had to adopt most of its methods and to argue that they are now right, since blessed by organized medicine.

The District of Columbia has more physicians per unit of population than any place else in the world. Its doctors are perhaps even more ignorant about mass social and economic conditions than their colleagues in other American cities. The appearance of GHA threw a great fear into the ranks of Washington doctors. It provoked their medical society to promulgate a similar plan.

If GHA did not exist, it is certain that MHS would never have been suggested. Almost as certainly MHS would disappear if GHA failed or were liquidated. The public in Washington should sign up with MHS and then demand its liberalization, insisting that the patient members have more say in its extension and applications. Above all the public must learn to insist upon sound treatment by competent physicians rather than upon a fatuous free choice of doctors which may mean anything or nothing.

The medical society is making a face-saving retreat from a position of hostility to GHA it found impossible of defense. The public should see that it is compelled to render a constructive community service instead of merely indulging itself in strategic retreat.

Admonition to Myself

Let it be told how all the flowers came
And shone against the meadow in their pride,
And how a secret bird without a name
Called from the dark wood on the mountain side;
Make mention of the tall and casual weed
Whose grace was that of any common thing
Grown suddenly strange against the moment's need
Of common sweetness for new cherishing.

Mold it in rhyme . . . made shapely . . . and made sure,
For these will lie around you in your walk
On other days when sight is less than pure,
When you will name them idly in your talk,
Not seeing, as now, the glory that was shed
In the beginning, when the word was said.

DAVID MORTON.

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King, Ramsay and Connor

The story of three men convicted of a murder of which they knew nothing.

By Dorothy Day

WE DROVE over Golden Gate Bridge through the warm spring sunshine, and for half an hour through the mountains over a four lane highway. Dick Bourret of the Young Christian Workers was driving, and Miriam Tinkin of the Defense Committee and a girl from the American Writers League had come along. We talked about the case as we drove, and we were not paying much attention to the scene about us.

The Defense Committee is supported by the California State Federation of Labor, by the Maritime Federation of the Pacific, by the Alameda and San Pedro, Portland and Seattle Central Labor Councils.

The three men we were going to see were members of the Marine Firemen division of the Maritime Federation and were convicted in Oakland, California, of a crime of which they knew nothing, the murder of an engineer on the *Point Lobos* in March, 1936.

The *Point Lobos,* a freighter, was docked in Alameda, across the bay from San Francisco. On that morning two men saw a seaman by the name of Wallace and identified him later at the trial. One testified that Wallace had asked him to go over to the *Point Lobos* with him in order to get this engineer. Another, the second engineer on the *Point Lobos,* testified that he saw Wallace coming out of the cabin of the engineer who was murdered, George Alberts.

When the arrests were made in August, just before the beginning of the 1936-37 strike, not only Wallace was arrested, but Earl King, head of the firemen, San Francisco vice-president of the Martime Federation; Earnest Ramsay, patrolman for the firemen; and Connor, ship's delegate on the *Point Lobos.*

King is today a man of 46, Connor 44, Ramsay 30, after having served three years. For, unbelievable as it may seem after reading the testimony, the three men, together with Wallace, were convicted.

The contention of the prosecution is that King hired Ramsay to beat up Alberts, and that Connor, Wallace, a seaman called Sakovitz, who is supposed to have dealt the death blow, were the ones responsible for the murder. But even the prosecution proved that King and Ramsay were in San Francisco at the time. Connor was on duty in the engine room of the ship at the time. Sakovitz never has been found.

For the whole involved story, it is best to get the pamphlets issued, one entitled "The Ship Murder," the other, "Punishment without Crime," both obtainable from the Maritime Federation of the Pacific, 24 California Street, San Francisco. Both pamphlets cost a nickel. Knowing how responsive the readers of THE COMMONWEAL are to the cry for justice, I confidently urge them to get the pamphlets and write to Governor Olson their opinion in regard to the case. They will thus be performing many of the works of mercy.

Visiting the men

The business of this article is to tell of my visit with the men at San Quentin. They had read the *Catholic Worker* for the past two years, so they knew the paper, and we plunged right into conversation.

"I've been studying carpentry while I'm here," King said, "so that if I ever go back to the land I'll be able to build me chicken houses."

I've heard that many a time from seamen. When at sea they dream of the land, it is always of the farm, not of the city.

None of the men are Catholic, though Connor was baptized a Catholic back in Boston. He did not go to parochial schools, he said. King is a Presbyterian. Needless to say, none of the men are churchgoers.

"I might have gone yesterday, Easter Sunday," Connor said, "but the place was too crowded." There is one priest, Father O'Meara, for all the Catholics in San Quentin.

You look at the pictures of the three men as they appear on the cover of one of the pamphlets, and then look at them as they are today, and you see the tragic mark of prison life. King, a huge fellow with a chest like a barrel, has grown stout with the inactivities of prison life. All the work he has to do is sweeping his cell block. There are twice as many men there as the prison is supposed to hold, so naturally there is not enough work for them all. There are two in a cell, and Ramsay complained that his reading was interrupted. He liked travel books and biographies, and he never got through more than a few pages without the

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man in the lower bunk calling up, "Say, Red!" (Ramsay has curly red hair.)

All three of them do a lot of reading, books their friends send them, such as "Factories in the Fields," "Grapes of Wrath," newspapers and magazines. None of them subscribe to the prison library; they say the books are not much good and they are dirty, pages missing, and it's too much trouble. But their friends have kept them supplied.

The grub is good, and they described the Easter dinner. A year ago there were food riots at San Quentin and forty of the prisoners were badly beaten by the guards.

Outside the big room where we sat at a counter facing the men, the scene was bright; there was the prospect of rolling hills. As we drove in, we passed a line of prisoners working on one hillside, among them one of the strikers from the Salinas Lettuce strike who had assaulted a scab. He had not been badly injured, but the striker got ten years.

There are wide flower gardens around the place, there are the quiet waters of the bay reaching up to the very gates of the prison, there is freedom, light and joy, outside those windows, and one's heart is constricted facing three men held behind bars.

While there are men in prison, we are not free, Debs had said.

As long as the members suffer, the health of the whole body is lowered, and these men are members of the Mystical Body of Christ. They are our brothers, sons of the same Father.

Connor is suffering the most because he, after a third degree grilling, signed a confession which he immediately repudiated from his hospital bed where he had to be taken after his three-day ordeal. It takes every effort on the part of the others to keep his courage up. It eats into him continually. He broods over it, he is sensitive on the subject, he is overcome with a sense of guilt which the loyalty and friendship of the others does not seem to be able to disperse. He needs our prayers. King suffers, but is matter of fact. "As long as a man keeps his self respect, he can stand anything," he says. When he gets out, he will go on with his union work; there is a job before him.

Ramsay admits a man can never be the same again. It does something to him; if he didn't have the union in back of him he'd go nuts. "You see them cracking up around here all the time."

What makes it worse is that the men, although they have been found guilty in the court of second degree murder which carries with it a sentence of from five years to life, have not actually had the terms of their imprisonment set. As I write, they expect to be sentenced, and after they are sentenced, their cases can come before the pardon board, not before. The ruling is that the sentence must be set when they have served half of the minimum, but they have passed that by eight months. They live in constant expectation, in hope that is continually disappointed. They wait, they expect, they hear nothing and they steel themselves to wait some more.

Our talk

We talked for the full hour we were permitted, sometimes to one man, and sometimes the conversation was general. King spoke most on the story of the union struggle in San Francisco, the struggle for leadership in the unions, the planting of company men among the union leaders, the need for education of the rank and file.

We talked of books, of the war, of the prospect of freedom. The time passed quickly. The visit seemed very brief, but even after that short hour, one would not be able to forget the faces of the men, their grim endurance, their haggard anxiety as we spoke of the possibilities of some action on the part of the parole board. I can see them now as I write; they are men one cannot forget.

In the afternoon after my visit to San Quentin, I was walking along Sutter Street in San Francisco. There were flower stalls on the corners. The air was filled with fragrance. In one of the department stores there was a display of Walt Disney cartoons for "Pinocchio." I stopped to look at it, I window-shopped at other stores. I was free, I could choose what I wished to do, where I would eat, whom I would see, where I would go. And tears came to my eyes. I was free, but not those men out at San Quentin, not many another weary prisoner. Along Market Street the crowds are sauntering all the day, seamen off their ships are sauntering, debating how they will spend their free time. But not those men at San Quentin. The sunlight is a mockery to them.

But we can do something.

We can help them bear their burden. We can help them by remembering them in our prayers.

Back at Mott Street at the House of Hospitality there is hanging on the wall of my room a painting by Van Gogh, of prison walls, and a circle of prisoners. It is there to remind me to pray for the prisoners.

We can help by sending for the pamphlets which tell the details of the case against these men. We can help by writing to Governor Olsen of California.

And as I write this, I write it fearfully, because it is putting a great responsibility on you who read. If you hear of this, just one of the cases of injustice in our industrial civilization, and you turn aside and do nothing, you are like the man who left his neighbor wounded on the roadside. "If you did not know, you would not have sin." But now, knowing, you must do something. And I know you will.

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Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT, in a recent review in the New York *Herald Tribune* of a group of new novels, opens up a highly interesting line of reflection concerned with the contemporary state of imaginative fiction, so far as it is diplayed by the numerous novelists who are dealing with what they fancy will or may be the conditions to be faced by mankind in the future. As Mr. Benét points out, the novelists in their visions of the future hold out little hope. "They look forward—except in the comic strips—to a world of smash, ruin and desolation. They can write of the past with security and warmth, of the present with suspicion, but of the future only with dread." Mr. Benét then proceeds to discuss two of the latest among many recent novelistic prophecies of future woe and doom, with a sigh for the optimism that once upon a time pervaded Utopian fiction, as in Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward."

Many religious groups and individuals are also putting forth in books and sermons and radio talks, even on phonograph records, their fervent prophecies not merely of general future calamity, but of the almost immediate end of the world. One of their agents knocked at my out-of-the-way country home not long ago, lugging a phonograph and offering to give me a personal audition of his prophet's opinions. The group represented by this ardent young man is so earnest in its propaganda that after some of its agents had been barred from private homes in Connecticut (and the action taken in barring them by these private citizens has been upheld in the State courts) its lawyers carried the case to the United States Supreme Court, where it is now being heard. It is part of the doctrine professed by this group, Jehovah's Witnesses, that all organized religions, other than their own of course, and apparently all governments, are quite certainly instruments of Anti-Christ and the Devil. When the Chief Justice mildly remarked to the attorney representing the prophetic group that maybe Catholic citizens might have some right not to listen to such attacks on their Church, he was vehemently rebuked with the assertion of the supreme right of the prophets to preach the truth. And of course the right to utter truth does seem to be a final right, in a land of freedom. But when something regarded as the supreme truth by one group bumps up against something regarded by still other groups as contradicting and destroying the validity of the thesis held by the first group—then where are they, and where are the rest of the people? Well, at least in this country, we can still argue the matter out in the innumerable courts, right up to the court of final decisions, and discuss it in the papers and agree or disagree with the views uttered by the novelists in their dreams of the future, having no Ogpu or Gestapo to settle the matter for us.

I should like to see some of our Catholic novelists try their hands at stories of the future. The only one to do so that I have ever heard about was Robert Hugh Benson. As I remarked in this column some time ago, in connection with the re-publication of his "Lord of the World," he tried his hand twice. In "Lord of the World" he showed things as he thought they would be *if* the spirit of totalitarian secularism, in religious language the spirit of the world, should gain the victory over the Church. In the "Dawn of All," he gave the other side—if the Church should come to be ascendant throughout the whole world. In neither story, however, was the victory quite complete, either for the world, or for the Church; in both pictures minorities of rebels from the prevailing spirit kept up the fight. Even in his most ardent Catholic moods, Monsignor Benson retained, as a true Catholic ought to do, his sense of reality. Both his novels illustrated vividly the determining quality of all such imaginative fictions, their employment of narrow logic. *If* this or that type of religion, or philosophy, should become the ruling power in the world, then upon that premise logically there would follow certain consequences. As I say, Monsignor Benson used more than one *if*. Most of the contemporary novelists, who are painting the future in earthquake and eclipse, seem to think there is no "if" or "but" at all about the shape of things to be. This agreement in pessimism is more important than their individual visions, for it may indicate a really deep-seated, far-flung spirit of human defeatism.

If a Catholic novelist should enter the lists with an imaginative world of the future, what a suggestive scene has been supplied for him by the news cabled a few days ago describing the concert given to his fellow Romans by His Holiness Pope Pius XII, and the little speech made at its close by His Holiness. The music was drawn from the composers of several nations. The Pope said that even as the spirit of harmony and cooperation and the skill of the conductor, to which the individual artists willingly subordinated themselves, made possible the beauty and inspiration of the concert, why should not the different peoples of the world, with their various talents and powers, also cooperate and combine their powers for order and peace? Starting with the symbolism inherent in that striking incident, a novelist with the requisite talent for persuading his readers that his fancies are, or should be, true, might forge ahead to the world after the war. As in his book, at least, he may order events as he wills to do, instead of showing us a world stricken backwards into ruin and desolation, he might give us a vision of what the world might be if ruled by ideas and a spirit in harmony with the social conceptions of the Church. Of course only the writer who really worked out such a story could say what the details would be, but we may take it for granted that at least he would not make the great mistake committed by most such evokers of the future—the mistake of seeing the vision all in black, or all in white, or depending for its character primarily on a political or economic theory. Life is never like that, and well does the Church know that truth. The world is always what mankind wills it to be like, and what they will depends upon what they love and know. And unless they heed the Church, it needs must be that they will heed and be deceived by their fellow men, and their too limited plans.

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Communications

THE BORSODIS

Providence, R. I.

TO the Editor: Mr. Binsse's interesting article about the Borsodis, and his incidental distaste for goats, reminds me of a limerick which Father Mortimer-Maddux of Bristol once wrote while listening to Mr. Ralph Adams Cram lecture about the ideal community. Mr. Cram had been particularly rhapsodic about the goat as a milk-producer in family usable quantities. The limerick, which Mr. Cram later graciously accepted, ran as follows:

A delightful old codger named Cram
Said, "For cities I care not a damn.
I'd keep happy and warm
Milking goats on a farm
You think I'm a liar? I am."

BERNARD IDDINGS BELL.

DOCILITY AND AUTHORITY

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editors: It has been called to my attention that my recent article "Docility and Authority" contains a misstatement. My friend, Father Robert Slavin, O.P., has reminded me that Saint Thomas does discuss docility in the Treatise on Prudence (*Summa Theologica,* II-II, 49,3;53,3).

I hope this misstatement will not be taken as a sign either of indocility on my part or of negligence of my own rules of reading. Instead of saying that docility is "not explicitly mentioned by Saint Thomas," I should have said "not mentioned in connection with the life of learning, and as a companion virtue to *studiositas.*" For that is the case. Saint Thomas discusses docility *only* as an integral part of prudence, as a willingness to take counsel concerning practical matters. "In matters of prudence, man stands in very great need of being taught by others, especially by old folk who have acquired a sane understanding of the end in practical matters." And he goes on to say: "Even the learned should be docile in some respects, since no man is altogether self-sufficient in matters of prudence."

I was considering docility differently, not simply as a part of prudence, but as a virtue indispensable in the theoretic life. I generalized Saint Thomas's conception of docility as "readiness to be taught" *anything.* Saint Thomas agrees with an objection that says "docility is requisite for every intellectual virtue," though he maintains in opposition that "it belong chiefly to prudence." On this point, I would side with the objector, distinguishing two meanings of docility. Docility toward counsel in practical matters belongs chiefly to prudence. But the docility requisite for every intellectual virtue, docility in the life of learning, is a moral virtue which seems to me most properly associated with justice. The only other alternative is that there is a kind of "artistic prudence" needed for the exercise of the liberal arts, and that docility in theoretic matters is a part thereof.

MORTIMER J. ADLER.

The Stage & Screen

An International Incident

MR. VINCENT SHEEAN is a Communist fellow-traveler turned American isolationist, but "An International Incident" proves he has not yet turned a dramatist. His play is obvious, his writing dull, his characters wooden, his construction amorphous. We do not believe anything that happens, except among the reporters, for a single instant. Like Miss Dorothy Thompson, Mr. Sheean has now learned that journalism and dramaturgy are two very different things. But at least we can be grateful for the fact that the play is cast superbly, with Miss Ethel Barrymore playing once more her age. She radiates charm and is radiant to look at, a grand lady every moment of her, even if she does address the audience more often than her fellow players. Kent Smith is manly and tries hard to make believable the unbelievable hero; Cecil Humphries makes a very stupid ex-Cabinet minister charming; Josephine Hull, Lea Penmann and Edna Heinemann are well cast as clubwomen, and Ben Lackland, Arthur Kennedy and Sidney Stone are good as the reporters. The play, however, is certainly not the thing. *(At the Ethel Barrymore Theatre.)*

Higher and Higher

THIS is not one of the most successful musicals written by the Messrs. Rodgers and Hart, though it has a couple of songs that will be heard on the radio later. But the book is very dull indeed, dull and confused. The most pleasing things of the evening are the singing and the personality of a new Hungarian singer, Marta Eggert, the monkey-shines of Jack Haley, and a trained seal. Miss Eggert really has a voice which she knows how to use, and a personality which is as charming as her looks; Mr. Haley is as funny as he was when he last appeared on Broadway; and the trained seal nuzzles his way into the audience's heart and awakens its laughter. There is also a good deal of excellent dancing, and Leif Erickson makes his musical comedy debut not ineffectively. A note in the programme states that "Higher and Higher" is based on an idea by Irvin Pincus. I'm afraid Mr. Pincus will have to share then the blame for the book with Gladys Hurlbut and Joshua Logan. *(At the Shubert Theatre.)*

Richard II

MAURICE EVANS is back in "Richard II," and we may well be grateful. His performance is as incisive, as clear, as distinguished as it ever has been, though at times his voice sounds a little tired—which is not to be wondered at. Mr. Evans's Richard is one of the things to be seen. He brings to us a new Bolingbroke in Donald Randolph. Mr. Randolph gives a superb performance, one worthy of comparison with Ian Keith's. And once again we can admire Miss Margaret Webster's admirable direction. But where is the Shakespeare Thea-

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tre Mr. Evans promised us not so long ago? A series of Shakespearean plays would have indeed been a pleasure in this none too brilliant season. New York needs an "Old Vic." (*At the St. James Theatre.*)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Horses, Dogs and Men

"*FLORIAN*" could have been a good movie if Director Edwin L. Marin and the brace of script-writers involved had stuck closer to Felix Salten's book and the hero-horse. The scenes showing the stallion performing, running in a meadow, in fact all the shots of the Lipitzaner, are magnificent. But the stilted romance between horse-trainer Robert Young and duchess Helen Gilbert in the over-elaborate court of Emperor Franz-Joseph-Reginald-Owen, the accent and carrying-on of Ballerina Irina Baronova, the dragged-in, man-made war, revolution and veiled political philosophy in remarks like Charles Coburn's "Why break your heart over a girl when you can break it over a world preparing to destroy itself," and the finale with Mr. Young climbing among the nags at the East River Railroad Yards when looking for Florian, get a bit too thick. If you loves horses, go to see Florian himself. He won't let you down.

Or if it's dogs you like, "*The Biscuit Eater*" is your picture. Stuart Heisler has directed its simple story with a minimum of fuss and glamor and a maximum of feeling for the rolling Georgia country and two boys' intense love for dogs. Should "The Yearling" ever see its way to the screen, it will have difficulty in surpassing this picture for honesty in portraying the joys of boyhood that are stimulated by a child's natural affection for animals. Billy Lee and his colored playmate, Cordell Hickman, train Promise from being a Biscuit Eater (a pointer who hunts for himself instead of returning with the quail) right up to where he is in line for the trophy.

Well-meaning fathers are often bad fathers is the lesson Brian Aherne learns too late in "*My Son, My Son!*" In the big, tear-jerking scene, Son Louis Hayward, after breaking all codes and his father's heart, stops leering long enough to tell off soft, indulgent Papa Aherne with: "You tried to pour a quart in a pint measure." Under Charles Vidor's direction, the script vaguely based on Howard Spring's novel becomes overcrowded with many short scenes, some of which are moving but most are phony and merely arranged as a build up for the moist climax. Although Edward Small has given his production a good cast including Madeleine Carroll, Laraine Day, Henry Hull and Josephine Hutchinson, the acting is too obvious. Even when the film holds your interest, you are likely to resent its insincere theatrical qualities.

Tough Humphrey Bogart, who has been hissed through hundreds of sneering gangster, dirty villain rôles, finally gets more than his usual bumped-off ending when he is "mama-mufflered" by two nice old ladies in "*It All Came True.*" Fortunately Bogart's good performance gets some hearty laughs; there isn't much else to the static film made from Louis Bromfield's story about a New York boarding house—except the decoration provided by Ann Sheridan (Harvard papers please note), Zasu Pitts, Una O'Connor and Jessie Busley.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Calvin Coolidge. Claude M. Fuess. Little, Brown, $4.75.

FOR MOST historians Calvin Coolidge was a man of probity but little more. But for Mr. Fuess "he was not only a useful servant but a great and good man." That he was good, in the ordinary sense of the word, Mr. Fuess demonstrates. Coolidge never got drunk, swore or beat his wife. The world was not a worse place for anything positive that he did. It was Colonel House who called him "a timed man frightened into conventionality."

But that Coolidge was a "great" man is, I think, a new claim. And Mr. Fuess gives us no evidence to substantiate it. Coolidge—in spite of an obviously loving biographer—moves through these pages as he moved through public life, with neither questioning, courage nor conviction. He was, and here remains, an astute mediocrity innocent alike of ideals and ideas. Ideas, as Lord Acton said of someone, he avoided as though they were temptations to mortal isn.

Mr. Fuess makes much of the influence of Professor Garman on his life. Yet the fact remains that Coolidge possessed neither strength nor serenity. Mr. Fuess sees, too, in Coolidge a typical Yankee. Abstracting from the fact that there is no typical Yankee, it must be noticed that Mr. Fuess neglects to note that Coolidge possessed none of the qualities—zeal, fanaticism for a cause—that Yankees have. He was too much the political pragmatist to have deep convictions—or having them, give them anything save a quiet, though decent, burial.

Coolidge contributed nothing to progressivism and little to democracy, save as he indicated acute knowledge of the technique the little need to govern. Though he did not crave it for himself, he had an inordinate respect for money and its possessors. He was, therefore, a symbol of safety. Mr. Fuess sees reflected in his speeches eloquence, sincerity and idealism. But the speeches reveal that Coolidge had a genius for giving oracular expression to the accepted, the unoriginal, the staid.

He accepted the political system as it was. As William Allen White put it, "he played a clean game with the run of dirty cards." To the very last he showed a positive genius for inactivity. To the very last his cure for the economic system was the gospel of work. But—since he was a Yankee—his famous silences seem, in a sense, to have been the fruit of uneasy conscience. In the economic scheme of things he was a holy innocent who dreaded responsibility, and mentally reclined secure in the inertia of worn phrases. Mr. Fuess is right when he refuses to hold Coolidge responsible for the depression. But he is wrong in refusing to stress Coolidge's cautious timidity, his self regarding, his silent veneration for the propertied and the respectable. He did not expose to others because he refused himself to re-examine the symbols of an outworn creed. It was not enough that a "great man live incorrupt in a corrupt world." I had thought the whole lesson of Lincoln Steffens lay in his discovery that ethics was not enough.

Perhaps Mr. Fuess has fallen under the spell of Coolidge—a spell he alone discovered. For he has come to share the views of his subject. And often he is less than fair. He does not tell us that Coolidge voted against the legislative investigation of the Lawrence strike. Nor that Coolidge did not believe in the idea that gave birth to an arbitration committee of which he became chairman. Mr. Fuess shows refusal to understand the Lawrence strike.

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He calls Joe Ettor "an outside agitator," and speaks of the "ostensible" cause of the strike, as though it had its origin in something hidden and sinister. He does not comment on Coolidge's judgment that the strike leaders were "socialists and anarchists," though insisting that Coolidge was "unprejudiced." It is significant that this book contains no mention of any standard book on labor problems or labor history. The chapter on the Boston police strike pretends to an objectivity it does not possess. How true this is is seen in such statements as: Gompers "had been assuming too much importance in political affairs." He writes that, in 1919, "the spirit of revolt was in the air, and the workers were demanding not requesting their rights." Strikes, labor, the "lower" classes—these perturb a New England headmaster's comfortable world.

He puts Coolidge in the same rank as John Quincy Adams and Cleveland.

Needless to say, this is the best biography of Coolidge that has been written. FRANCIS DOWNING.

Jeanne Jugan. Canon Helleu. Herder. $2.00.

JEANNE JUGAN, Breton foundress of the Little Sisters of the Poor who devote their lives to the care of indigent old people, had a genius for begging; tall, slender, black clad, she walked endless miles in western France asking alms for the aged persons harbored by herself and her companions; she accepted, with a smile and a quaint curtsy, everything that fell into the large basket that her thin hands held: bread and cheese, meat and vegetables, pennies and tobacco. In a masterly chapter, "The Beggar," the Canon Helleu, vice-postulator for the cause of her beatification, describes how she instructed the first Little Sisters in the technique so familiar to butchers, bakers, green grocers, fish mongers, tobacconists and readers of THE COMMONWEAL; some of the last named may ascribe the success of an amusing letter to the editors, doubtless begged of Father Peter Moran, to the perfection of Jeanne's method; anyway, it inspired one reader to give the Little Sisters a $10,000 elevator! "It was hard for me," said Jeanne, speaking of begging. "I did it for God and the poor." And she explained to the novices of her congregation, "When you are given money, that is for the poor; but if you are badly treated, that is a kindness for yourselves." And again, "Love the dear old people. Aim to please them." Hence, of course, requests for pipes, tobacco, elevators and canaries!

This is not a snappy, modern biography. Based largely on the recollections of Little Sisters of the Poor who knew Jeanne, it is rather old fashioned, its style suitable to its subject. Ere one lays it aside, one understands why the great work which had its beginnings when a poor servant girl, daughter of a fisherman of Brittany, took an old widow, blind and destitute, to live with her, has spread throughout the world. Soon joined by several zealous women, Jeanne procured larger living quarters for the penniless aged of both sexes in Saint Servan. At first, she worked by the day to support her old people, and supplemented her earnings by begging in stores and kitchens for their food. Presently, she opened houses in other French cities. True foundress of the Little Sisters of the Poor, duly elected superior by the first group, she was deposed by the director, who claimed the honor of initiating the work. No whit embittered, she retired to the motherhouse of her rapidly growing congregation, and there spent among the novices, who did not suspect her part in their charity, more than thirty years. She was gay, serene, an excellent *raconteuse,* a comrade to the young whose daily habits she was forming, until, not spared the vicissitudes of old age, she died at eighty-six. Today there are nearly 6,000 Little Sisters, and 300 homes for the aged. According to one of the old people, of whom there are more than 50,000, each home is one of Jeanne's miracles; but the Canon Helleu leads us to believe that the butchers and bakers had a hand in those miracles; Jeanne would certainly say so. DAISY MOSELEY.

Artist in Manhattan. Jerome Myers. American Artists Group. $3.75.

JEROME MYERS, a modest, tender painter of scenes from New York's Jewish and Italian East Side, was as modestly the instrument through whom the celebrated Armory Show of 1913 arose. That exhibition of mostly European art with Americans as also-rans, first planned at Myers' studio, though at first they did not plan it that way, introduced modern art to America. After acknowledging his part behind the scenes by founding the Society of Painters, Sculptors and Engravers which put on the show, Myers tells us of the New York he knew: night missions, street venders, the city of horsecars and horsecabs. He never like Paris-instructed art or European glamour. The quiet stream of life among the city poor fascinates *him.* The book is pleasant, unthrilling reading, best for its opinions on painters Myers knew: Hassam, Kent and so on. His own art is communal and its groupings are Monticellian. JAMES W. LANE.

FICTION

Look Back on Happiness. Knut Hamsun. Translated by Paula Wiking. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

THOSE OF US who were attracted by the strength, color and simplicity of the "Growth of the Soil" would naturally look forward to the mellow reflections of the great Norwegian novelist who recently celebrated his eightieth birthday. And in these days of Norway's tragic ordeal we are more than anxious to find a modicum of wisdom, of poetry, of human kindliness in what is possibly the literary farewell of a man who has presented the outlook of his people more successfully than any of his contemporaries. "Look Back on Happiness" is a sardonically appropriate title in the light of present events. The book itself is both gratifying and disappointing.

The book has three distinct phases. The first is the most Thoreauesque imaginable. In the person of a ruminative old man it sings of the joys of life in a woodland hut with a little mouse as one's only companion. It is startlingly like Thoreau in its emphasis on the idea of paring one's needs to the bone as the true road to human happiness. It develops an air of benignity which extends to a wayfaring scamp who eventually becomes the villain of the piece. This phase is escapist back-to-nature (that is, away from one's fellow-man) with a vengeance.

Here are typical bits: "My liberty was so great that I could do and think as I pleased; I was alone, the bear of the forest. But even in the heart of the forest no man dares speak aloud without looking round; rather, he walks in silence. . . . The sky is pure and cool, lying wide open to all the stars. There is a great flock of worlds up in that endless meadow, tiny, teeming worlds, so tiny that they are like the sound of a tinkling bell; as I look at them I can hear thousands of tiny bells. Yes, certainly, I am being drawn more and more to the grassy slopes of spring."

The second phase is distinctly disagreeable, being re-

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markably successful in explaining the emptiness, unreality and amorality of life in many summer resorts of northern Europe. It is in part a lament for the lost vigors of youth and the good old days before automobiles. Yet the hero stays and gets more than decently interested in the sordid intrigues of various guests and the staff, married and unmarried. There is even what likely is a murder over an affair of this kind, but nobody does anything about it. Unpleasant as it all is, the old man stays till the end of the season.

Finally the old fellow becomes genuinely interested in the future of one of the guests, the center of several sorry episodes. He comes to act as her elderly adviser and when his young friend marries an honest yeoman, and they later accept her counselor as part of their humble household, he cannot drag himself away. "Look Back on Happiness" is then a curious mixture of lyricism and futility. Of wisdom there is little, for the author's conception of old age is a negative, sterile one. Youth and vigor appear to circumscribe his only concept of happiness. For old age there is only the past. Hamsun's earthiness is losing its vigor and his old protagonist seems in the end to be like a wounded animal seeking only to return to its cave to die.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

The Winds of Spring. Walter Havighurst. Macmillan. $2.50.

THE FICTIONAL HISTORY of America settled by immigrants will probably never reach the end of its telling. Here is another book about it, this one dealing principally with the settling of Wisconsin by the Scandinavians and Germans, the story centering around one Jan Sorenson, a young Swedish naturalist, who married beneath his rank and thus—the time being 1843—had to leave his home and come to America.

He had no feeling for farming and thus did not prosper materially, but did become the greatest "field ornithologist" in America. His peasant wife bore with him, even managed to understand him pretty well, and stifled her own desires for a successful farm and money in the bank.

Mr. Havighurst does a pretty good job of telling the story of Wisconsin's settling along with Jan's tale. He writes a clear, competent, undistinguished prose, without mutation of any sort to fit changing subject matter. So that horses stampeding, children being born, birds singing and young love burgeoning, as well as wood-chopping, plowing, cooking, all have the same values, so far as his prose rhythms are concerned, and one wonders again whether there are more than six writers in North America who understand that an imaginative prose style should change as its subject matter changes.

Mr. Havighurst knows a good deal about ornithology and its allied siences, and there is much of this lore in the book, so that one is reminded of what Ralph Thompson said recently in one of his more lucid moments about novels that were "three-quarters gelatine." Mr. Havighurst's book isn't more than half gelatine, but it's pretty good gelatine at that.

HARRY SYLVESTER.

The Black Winds Blow. Frances Bainbridge Colby. Harrison-Hilton. $2.50.

THIS IS a book by a new novelist, one who will undoubtedly be heard from in the future. Miss Colby has the true gift of the novelist, the ability to create character. She has also a delicate poetic feeling, and the

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power to project atmosphere. Had the second part of her book been equal to the first it would have been a novel not only of promise but of complete attainment. Miss Colby's picture of Dublin and Dubliners is vivid and atmospheric, but her Boston is not so successful. Yet even in her Boston sections where she unnecessarily loads the dice against her Bostonians, she has given one admirably etched portrait of a thoroughly detestable woman. Her Mrs. Hillier is unforgettable. But her picture of Norah, of Norah's family and friends in Dublin, are in the true tradition of the novel. Here Miss Colby seems at home and has the power of making us feel at home. Her Boston is a more abstract and a less real place. But Miss Colby can write, and can make her readers visualize what she writes. We can look forward with interest to her next book. GRENVILLE VERNON.

WAR

Siege. Julien Bryan. Doubleday. $2.75.

HERE IS a definite document proving Hitler's thesis in "Mein Kampf" that no weapon is too horrible for use in modern warfare if it will bring victory swiftly. He tested it in the Polish campaign by the mass air attack on the civilian population, aiming to demoralize the entire population and to force a quick surrender. The effectiveness of this merciless technique is presented here in Bryan's dramatic, moving, pitiful photographs of the siege of Warsaw and in his tense story of his firsthand experiences. One shudders when seeing the homeless peasants, the grim soldiery, the scenes of devastation which are an inevitable part of the *mise en scène* of modern warfare; but it is equally necessary to acknowledge that Bryan has caught for all time the pain, the tragedy, the poignant bewilderment of civilians under bombardment. The impressiveness of the whole book is truly horrible. A powerful indictment of war, the book will make many Americans understand—in spite of all our official "neutrality"—why Hitlerism must go. J. S. R.

In the Groove

IN THE last months of the brief life of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, a mysterious, cadaverous stranger commissioned him to write a Requiem Mass. The stranger was the agent of an Austrian nobleman who—as became evident after Mozart's death—attempted to pass off the work as his own. Profoundly disturbed by the agent's several appearances, Mozart seemingly identified him with Death, and made of the Requiem an intensely personal affirmation—perhaps his greatest. This Mass is exalted, moving; its *Requiem Aeternam* and *Kyrie* are church music of the noblest kind; yet many other passages are full of sick grief and foreboding. Mozart wept when, during his last illness, his pupils sang the almost operatic *Lacrymosa* to him.

The Requiem now has its first modern full-length phonographic performance, by the University of Pennsylvania Choral Society, with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Harl McDonald (Victor album M-649, $12). Orchestrally, the recording is excellent. Vocally it is spirited, but the soloists (names not given) are uneven, and the choral work at times lacks clarity. Altogether, however, I found it the album of the month. The descriptive notes accompanying the set, by Mr. A. Veinus, give a good account of the controversy, now very much hashed over, as to how much of the Requiem Mass was completed after Mozart's death by his pupil Süssmayr.

Johann Sebastian Bach's *Little Organ Book* is a collection of 46 chorale preludes, based upon the Lutheran hymnary and begun when the composer was in the service of the Duke of Weimar. Bach planned to write preludes, free in their harmonic and ornamental treatment, on hymns relating not only to the church seasons but the various aspects of the Christian life; but he did not complete the project. Victor is recording what there is of the *Little Organ Book* in full, and has arbitrarily chosen (for seasonal interest) the pieces from New Year's through Ascension for its first volume. They are well played by E. Power Biggs on the "baroque" organ of the Germanic Museum in Cambridge (Victor album M-652, $6.50). The even brighter and more vari-colored organ of the Westminster Choir College is again to be heard on discs: Carl Weinrich plays the first sizable collection of works by the neglected precursor of Bach, Dietrich Buxtehude (Musicraft album No. 40, $6.50). These remarkable pieces include a toccata, two chorale preludes, a prelude and fugue, a chorale fantasy and a *magnificat* consisting of eight fugal interludes for the verses of a hymn.

Headliner on Columbia's list is a brisk, excellently recorded version of Beethoven's *Symphony No. 6* ("Pastoral") by the Minneapolis Symphony under Dimitri Mitropoulos (album M-401, $10). Sir Thomas Beecham, tops among interpreters of Mozart, gives a matchless reading of the *D Major Symphony* ("Haffner"), one of the six last great ones (album M-399, $4.50). Schumann's *Symphonic Études,* a set of piano variations in which the influence of Chopin is quite apparent, and which gain their name from the heroic scope of the closing variation, receive a sparkling, rather superficial treatment at the nimble fingers of Edward Kilenyi (album X-162, $3.50). Another Schumann work is one of the best single discs of the month: the *Fantasiestücke* for any one of several instruments, here played poetically on the 'cello by Gregor Piatigorsky (69836-D). On two pianos, Bartlett and Robinson go to town with *Scaramouche,* a South American-flavored suite by Darius Milhaud (69835-D).

Just as there is a "Chicago style" in jazz playing—of which more presently—there is a "Philadelphia style" in scoring old music for modern orchestra. In the Philadelphia Orchestra's performance, under Eugene Ormandy, of a suite arranged by Lucien Cailliet from Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* (Victor album M-647, $4.50), you can hear, fault of the style, a Stokowskian inflation of sonorities. Good Victor singles of the month include two Hebraic pieces—in very much the same mood—played by Yehudi Menuhin; a *Kaddish* (prayer for the dead) by Ravel-Garban and *Abodah* by Ernest Bloch (15887); two Schubert songs in English by Lawrence Tibbett, *The Wanderer* and *The Omnipotence* (15891); a Meyerbeer ballet suite, *Les Patineurs,* very fancily scored and played by Constant Lambert and the Sadler's Wells Orchestra (36238).

Twice in recent months radio listeners have heard Paul Robeson, with chorus and orchestra, sing a deeply stirring paean of democracy, a cantata recounting and glorifying American history: the *Ballad for Americans* of John Latouche and Earl Robinson. Victor has recorded it, with the same singer and the same electric effect (album P-20, $2). Victor has also put in an album six sides of Alec Templeton virtuosities, of which *Bach Tours Radio City* is especially captivating (album P-19, $2.75).

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Decca—a pioneer in putting up sets of popular-priced discs in attractive form—has some new ones worth listening to: Brahms' *Hungarian Dances* by Harry Horlick and his orchestra (No. 89, $2.50); *Harpsichord Music* played by Alice Ehlers (No. 62, $2.75); *Rodgers and Hart Songs* by Hildegarde (No. 112, $2.75); the *South American Way* with Carmen Miranda (No. 109, $2.75); tunes from *Pinocchio* (No. 110, $1.90). And a *Chicago Jazz Album* which swing purists will want (No. 121, $3.50).

In the 1920's, Chicago jazz unquestionably saved American popular music from drowning in Whitemanesque sweetness. A little group called the Austin High School Gang, under the leadership of the famous Frankie Teschemacher, developed a style inspired by records of the New Orleans Rhythm Kings. They were all youngsters, aged from fourteen to seventeen. Five of them are represented in the new Decca album, along with numerous players of more recent vintage. Bud Freeman, of the original gang, described the Chicago style thus: "This was right on the note. In order to keep time you have to think of pushing on the beat, all the time. There are fellows who play ahead of the beat or behind the beat. But on the beat gives you that fine rhythm. We studied and listened a lot. We used to listen to and love the same things." When the *Darktown Strutters' Ball* was first recorded in the Chicago style, in 1926, none of the musicians (including Teschemacher) knew this famous southern tune, and few could read notes; the melody was sung to them and they improvised as they went along. This one is in the Decca collection, along with such standbys as *China Boy, Sister Kate, Nobody's Sweetheart* and *Jazz Me Blues*. The last has also been recorded this month by Bob Crosby on Decca 3040. If you compare these two discs, both good examples of Chicago jazz, the meaning becomes very clear; the beat is always there.

Another new variation in a month of particularly good popular recordings is Artie Shaw's *Adios, Mariquita Linda* (Victor 26542), his first recording since he added white-tie strings and woodwinds to his band. It sounds like an effort to get away from the jitterbugs, but after a sweet beginning there comes a beautiful hot clarinet solo by Mr. Shaw, and on the other side there are surprising French horn and bass clarinet passages. . . . A couple of red-hot pianos are turned loose in *Tomcat on the Keys* by Bob Zurke (Victor 26526) and *The Moon Is Low* by Fats Waller (Bluebird 10624). . . . In *Honky-Tonk Train Blues,* this famous boogie-woogie piano piece (the same thing as a classic passacaglia, if you know what that is) is played in a typical percussive style by René Fauré, of Frankie Trumbauer's group (Varsity 8236). . . . A collector's item is *Jack the Bear,* by and with Duke Ellington, with some excellent bass work by Jimmy Blanton (Victor 23536). . . . Another jazz oldtimer is *Tuxedo Junction,* named for the trolley junction near Birmingham where steel-workers changed into dinner jackets before stepping out. It gets a good performance by Erskine Butterfield (Decca 3042). . . . Youngsters are going for Glen Gray's "cute" *Wouldst Could I But Kiss Thy Hand, Oh Babe* (Decca 3016). . . . In the strictly popular field: *Say It* by Glenn Miller (Bluebird 10631); *I've Got My Eyes on You* by Bob Crosby (Decca 2991); *On the Isle of May* by Woody Herman (Decca 2993); *What's the Matter with Me* and *Night and Day* by Benny Goodman (Columbia 35374 and 35410); *If I Could Be the Dummy on Your Knee* by Orrin Tucker (Columbia 35390).

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The Inner Forum

WITH THE SPREAD of the war to Scandinavia it is particularly appropriate to consider the various peace allocutions of Pius XII since the plea with which he opened his pontificate thirteen and a half months ago. These statements have just been published in a ten-cent pamphlet, "Pius XII and Peace," by the NCWC.

The brief excerpts which appear on the first few pages signalize the new Pope's devotion to the cause of peace and concern for the threatened peoples of the world. The Holy Father's Easter Message of 1939 pointed out as causes of war such elements as civil unrest, unemployment, the coexistence of poverty and luxury, the lack of mutual understanding between peoples and nations and the fact that nations broke their plighted word.

As the war shadows lengthened, increasing concern marked Pius XII's remarks and exhortations. On April 20 the Pope announced a Crusade of Prayer to Our Lady whereby Catholic children all over the world would take a leading part in prayer for peace the entire month of May. Peace was also a leading concern of an allocution before the Sacred College of Cardinals on June 2 and a discourse to Venetian pilgrims, August 19. And in a radio plea to "Those in Power and to Their Peoples," August 24, the Holy Father said, ". . . Nothing is lost with peace; all may be lost with war."

Included in this timely compilation are the Holy Father's stirring words to the Polish pilgrims: September 30: "In fact it is through justice and charity (and through them alone, as We have never ceased to reiterate) that at length may be restored to the world so upset, that peace for which, amid the din of arms, men plead so anxiously and for which from one end of the world to the other, millions of sincere souls, even among those who do not profess the Catholic Faith, raise their prayers to God the Sovereign Ruler of men and things." Pius XII's first encyclical, "Summi Pontificatus," contained the following plea, "Pray everyone, pray uninterruptedly: 'Pray without ceasing' (I Thessalonians)."

CONTRIBUTORS

Jacques MARITAIN is at present in the United States on an extended lecture tour; his latest book to be published here is "A Preface to Metaphysics." A more recent French work is scheduled for publication later this year. The present article is the first of two, which should be considered strictly together.
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